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VOL. 41—No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

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Jullien's Promenade Concerts.

MONS. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his **FIRST PROMENADE CONCERT** in London will take place at the **ARGYLE ROOMS, on TUESDAY, January 27th.**

On this occasion the Programme will include selections and arrangements from the works of the following masters:—

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SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—(Fifth Week)—Egyptian Hall.—Every Evening at 8 (except Saturday), and on Saturday afternoons at 3. Mr. KENNEDY, Scottish Vocalist, assisted by Mr. LAND at the pianoforte, will repeat his **SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS**, with frequent change of programme, including selections from Professor Wilson's celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianae" with the incidental "Auld Scots Songs," interspersed with anecdotes of manners and customs. In preparation, "A Night w' Burns," and selections from the "Jacobite Minstrelsy." Admission 1s.; Second Seats 2s.; Reserved Stalls 3s., which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. Fifth Season.—FIRST ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, St. James's Hall, WEDNESDAY EVENING, Jan. 29, at half-past eight o'clock. Evening dress. Madlle. Parepa, Signor Giuglini, and Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Programmes, prospectuses, scheme for 1863, members', subscribers', and gallery tickets, at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street, W.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

Society's Rooms, 17, Edwards-street, Portman-square.

SIGNOR GIUGLINI.—NATIONAL MELODIES.—(Sixth Concert) ST. JAMES'S HALL, Friday Evening, January 30th. This celebrated artist has been expressly engaged for these attractive concerts in conjunction with the Band of 20 Harps and full Choir of 400 voices. Miss BAKER will also appear, and sing "The last rose of Summer," accompanied by the orchestra of Harps as arranged by Mr. John Cheshire. Admission 1s.; Area 2s.; Balcony 3s.; Sofa Stalls 5s.; at all the Principal Music Sellers, Austin's Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly, and Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

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MISS ALICE MANGOLD will play "THE BABY'S SONG," composed for the pianoforte by Howard Glover, at her concert, February 14.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF begs that communications for Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. may be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, 244, Regent Street, W.

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MR. DEACON'S RECITAL of Ancient and Modern Pianoforte Music, will take place at the Cups Assembly Rooms, Colchester, on Wednesday, January 21st, 1863. 72, Welbeck Street, London.

MR. APTOMMAS returns from the Continent in February, when he will be open to engagements for Concerts, Private Soirees, and instruction upon the Harp. The regular season for his Harp Recitals commences on the 8th of April. Address, CRAMER, BEALE, and WOOD, Regent Street.

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MR. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce that his Grand Fantasia from LE DOMINO NOIR, as performed by him at the Gloucester Musical Festival on his Prize Medal Perfected Flute (old system of fingering) is just published, price 8s., and may be obtained at 35 WALLACE STREET, or of BOOKS and SOXS, 28 HOLLES STREET, W.

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BALFE'S NEW SONG, "KILLARNEY." The

Poetry by EDMUND FALCONER, Esq. Sung by Miss Anna Whitty upwards of 300 nights at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, in the "Lakes of Killarney," and now being sung by the same distinguished vocalist every night at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, is published, price 3s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

"The execution by Miss Anna Whitty of that charming little song that for six months formed a graceful adjunct to the Killarney Panorama at the Lyceum, it is needless to speak, as her talents are well known in Liverpool; but the song itself has been unheard out of London until the present month, when the same vocalist is engaged in its performance at Manchester. The public, who so long appreciated it when heard on the theatrical boards, will soon have an opportunity of personally testing its merits, and cannot fail but be struck not only with the charm of its simple and thoroughly Irish melody—substantiating its claim to its title of "Killarney"—but also with the still rarer charm of its being associated with words so full of poetical grace and sentiment that surprise is no longer felt at the inspiration given to the composer of the music, particularly when it is known that they are from the elegant pen of Mr. Falconer, the accomplished author of the renowned "Peep o' Day," and who, in that wonderfully popular drama, displays some exquisite touches of refined poetry, that not a little contribute to enhance the merits of its interesting plot. It should be added that this little *bijou* of a composition is to be found at the well-known publishers, Duncan Davison and Co., Regent-street.—*Liverpool Journal*."

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Reviews.

"The Songs of Scotland prior to Burns" with the Tunes—Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. (W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh and London).

Collections of Scottish Melodies are by no means rare, but the one under notice is of a special kind and restricted to a certain period. Wood's collection, and that of Hamilton—which must be familiar to all lovers of Northern minstrelsy—have left little to future explorers of Scottish ancient song. Hence Mr. Robert Chambers's volume depends more for its attraction on the elegant manner in which it is got up, and the historical annotations appended to the songs, than on any new additions made to the musical literature of Scotland. The Editor professes the work to be meant as "historical in its general scope and arrangement," and as "sufficient to satisfy all ordinary enquirers into the subject." It is hoped, too, that "the collection may be serviceable amongst those who have not consented to the entire banishment of the National Scottish airs from the drawing-room"—which, being interpreted, means the inhabitants of every town in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The Scotch cannot complain that their music is unjustly neglected. If the songs of Erin are more in fashion in the present day, it is because each nation prevails in its turn, and the public likes variety. Everybody, who is not a Scotchman, gives a decided preference to the Irish melodies, and many entertain a strong suspicion that no few of Caledonia's strains originated with the old Hibernian Bards, two or three of whom found their way to Edinburgh and died there, it might be said, harp in hand. Burns—no great authority, it must be owned—claimed "Molly Asthore" for his country; and all Scotland laid hands on "Robin Adair," as purely national (Boieldieu, when he composed the *Dame Blanche*, was under the impression that it was Scotch, or he would not have employed it as a national melody in a Scotch story), until Bunting showed that "Eileen Aroon" was one of the oldest Irish tunes known, and history discovered that Robin Adair was an Irishman.

The "Songs of Scotland prior to Burns" is divided into three parts—the first containing "Historical Songs," the second "Humorous Songs," and the third "Sentimental Songs." The last are the most numerous, but the second division will, we think, be found the most interesting. The notes to the historical songs contain a fund of information, and if not copious are abundantly illustrative of the subject and satisfying. Indeed, the annotations are among the special attractions of the work, and cannot fail to command attention.

Occasionally the editor introduces a song with a purpose differing from what is expressed in the introductory remarks. About the well-known ballad "'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town," we are informed that, it is a "noted example of those composed by English wits in imitation of the Scotch manner, and which were, with little discrimination, accepted as Scotch songs in Scotland itself. It is wholly of English origin; the verses by Thomas D'Urfey, and the air by Mr. Thomas Hook, elder brother of the celebrated wit, Theodore Hook."

Then, being English, why publish it among Scottish Songs?—or, having thought it worth a place in Scottish Minstrelsy, as it pretends to be Scotch in melody and poetry, why not select also "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me"—also aiming to be of Scottish birth, though composed by Henry Carey, an Irishman, and a far more beautiful specimen of the ballad style.

In nearly every instance the original words of the songs are preserved. The admirers of the popular and stirring air "The Campbells are coming" will be scarcely satisfied at finding it wedded to the following crude verses:—

"The Campbells are comin' oho, oho,
The Campbells are comin' oho, oho,
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho!
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
I look'd it down to bonnie Lochleven
And saw three perches play, play.

Good Argyle he goes before,
He makes his cannons and guns to roar;
Wi' sound of trumpet, fife and drum,
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho!
The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to them
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho!"

Absurd and thoroughly unmeaning as are these verses, we think them surpassed by some words we heard sung in Ireland years ago, to the Jacobite song "The Blackbird," which the Irish claim

as theirs, and which Mr. Chambers shows in the work before us to be Scotch. The tunes, however, are different. We can only call to mind half the first verse of the Irish poet. It will suffice:—

"Once in ould England a blackbird did flourish,
His body was young but his head it was ould,
He whistled like Juno and warbled like Vanus
An' the Gods they all called him the threspesser bould."

We "poor minstrels of a laggard day" can produce nothing like this.

The tunes are not harmonised, the voice line only being given; but to the lovers of national music generally, and to lovers of Scottish music in particular, Mr. Robert Chambers's collection may be heartily recommended. Poet, Musician, and Historian combine in presenting a veritable treasure of a country's ancient minstrelsy.

"Sleep, thou Infant Angel." "The Lark." Words by JOHN OXENFORD. Music by GLINKA. (Chappell and Co.)

Both these beautiful songs are familiar to many of our readers who must have heard them sung at the Monday Popular Concerts by Miss Banks. No one who has heard Miss Banks sing the lullaby, "Sleep, thou Infant Angel!" would be likely to forget it, or, forgetting it, would be likely to remember anything else in the way of songs. Very little is known in England of Glinka's music, nor is it likely that his most remarkable work—his Russian opera in the national style—ever will be known in this country, until Europe, in accordance with Napoleon's prophecy, becomes "Cossack" (it being tolerably certain now that it will not become "republican"). In the meanwhile, some notion of Glinka's genius for melody and of his truly lyrical sentiment may be formed from these two songs, which, as they are sung at St. James's Hall, do not sound at all like preludes to barbarism.

"A Lover's Complaint and the Lady's Answer"—Sketches for the Pianoforte—by HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A. (Ashdown and Parry).

It is well that no man or woman is expected to be able to do more than one thing to perfection. Mr. O'Neil has devoted so much time and perseverance to the study of a particular art, in which nature evidently intended him to excel, that he can have had little of either at command for the study of another, in which probably nature did not intend him to excel. All we can say in favor of "A Lover's Complaint" is, that—while the hand of a wholly inexperienced writer is continually declared, in faults of rhythm, modulation, and harmony—it, nevertheless, reveals many touches of genuine feeling. "The Lady's Answer" is precisely in the same strain, and may be criticised in the same words. Both are in waltz-measure, and both are greatly too much spun out for the interest of the subject matter. Fancy, sixteen pages of "three-four," without an interval of repose! Then, both are in the minor key; and then, too, these minors—the gentleman's key being G and the lady's E—have no relation to one another. G major and E major may be sometimes advantageously associated, but G minor and E minor never. Are we to conclude from the adoption of three-four measure, throughout, that the lover makes his complaint, and the lady deigns her reply, while in the act of waltzing? If so, the lady must have been endowed with a more than ordinary stock of patience—and for the matter of that, the lover, too.

"Te Deum Laudamus" ("We praise thee, O God")—Chant service. R. ANDREWS.

The idea is new and, we think, good, of supplanting the conventional method of chanting the "Te Deum" by a wholly new one. Let Mr. Andrews explain his plan:—

"The *Te Deum*, &c. consists of three parts:—1st, an act of praise; 2nd, an act of faith; 3rd, an act of prayer. To adapt a chant tune, which by repetition, is to be the medium of expressing these three different sentiments with proper effect, is extremely difficult. It is, therefore, recommended to change the tune, and even the key, to obtain the effect required for the 2nd and 3rd divisions. Three different tunes are here used, and varied, as to unison, or harmony, as indicated:—the 1st, for praise, jubilant, in the key of E; the 2nd in A, for faith, a little slower and softer; and the 3rd, for prayer, in C sharp minor, much slower and softer. The changes of key, being within certain harmonic relations, does not create any difficulty or prevent the congregation from joining "with heart and voice."

We repeat, the idea is new, and we think (we repeat) good. Moreover, Mr. Andrews' tunes are vocal, and his harmony correct and affluent.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS FOR VOICE WITH PIANOFORTE.*

With whatever readiness other nations may have adopted German music, the so-called *Lied* has not found much favor with any of them; and yet it may be boldly asserted that just in this form the true German genius is most clearly reflected. Those not thoroughly acquainted with the musical literature of that country can hardly form an idea of the immense flood of songs (*Lieder*) that have been composed, from the middle of the last century, from the days of Adam Hiller and Mozart down to Schubert, Mendelssohn and Robert Franz. For a long period it seemed to be the custom with every young composer to make his debut with a set of six or twelve songs; many continuing to cultivate this field exclusively, while others would return to it in their happiest moments, and occasionally present to their admirers a new book of songs. No composer of any note has neglected to add his share to this store. The number of songs which Mendelssohn has contributed amounts to about eighty. It was his custom to publish them in sets of six each; at first, however, so that two sets formed one *Opus*; accordingly, ops. 8 and 9 comprise each twelve songs.—Mendelssohn was undoubtedly a believer in the sacred number Three. All his compositions left the press in sets of three or six (twice three) each: the larger ones, of course, excepted, which he published singly. If there are some extant in sets of four, or any other number, they must be posthumous works. Opus 19 consists of six songs for the voice and six for the piano solo (1st book of the well-known *Lieder ohne Worte*). Op. 34, 47, 57, 71, (the last he published) contain each again six songs, making in all fifty-four. Besides these a few more appeared, not numbered, as fugitive pieces, during the composer's life. The rest, op. 84, 86 and 99, of three and six songs respectively, were published after his death. It may seem to come somewhat *post festum* to speak of these songs, now that Robert Franz has enchanted the world with his wonderful lays. Still, one may be a great admirer of Franz's songs, and be none the less charmed by those of Mendelssohn; provided you have still left you some purity of mind, some innocence, some simplicity. To musical politicians, speculators, demagogues, and similar folks, I should cry out—stand back! The aversion to short, simple and expressive pieces, now so common among musicians and amateurs, is no doubt one of the causes why Mendelssohn's songs have lately been much neglected. They share this fate, however, with many others; those of Schumann and Beethoven, for instance. It seems, moreover, as if the pianoforte, this depot of modern music, as it has killed nearly all other instruments, were about to extinguish also the voice. People like now better to play than to sing a song.

In his songs Mendelssohn is entirely himself: the matchless, amiable, tasteful, profound composer.—Here, perhaps, more than in any of the other forms he has cultivated, all his fine qualities are concentrated. How many brave musicians and singers could I name who will never forget the pleasure they have derived from these beautiful little tone creations! My friend Theodore—I see him still at the instrument, with a bound volume of our master's songs, just then published, before him. He had performed that charming *Minnelied* or love song, (op. 34, No. 1). "Leucht' heller als die Sonne," (Beam brighter than the sun) and that incomparable Spring song (No. 3, from the same *opus*). "Es brechen im schallenden Reigen" (In clear melodious chorus) when he turned round to me, his cheeks flushed, his blue eyes glistening with enthusiasm, exclaiming: let Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, and all of that tribe, prostrate themselves before the master who could create such music! Although I did not wholly approve of the tenor of his invocation, still, since the two songs belonged to my favorites, I solemnly responded: let them prostrate themselves! Then, taking up the volume, he flourished it triumphantly in the air and cried: Bring me a man able to show me in the whole of this collection a single measure that does not give proof of the purest taste, of the most refined ear, of the deepest sentiment!

Theodore was a Mendelssohnian of full blood, and naturally jealous for the fame of his idol; still, without reason; in regard to these songs at least there has been heard no voice but that of praise; their excellence is universally acknowledged. But how to choose from among so much that is beautiful? There is, for instance, that Venetian Gondola song (op. 57, No. 5), the text a translation of Moore's well-known

"When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air."

How characteristic of the cool sea breeze, of the pale moon, of the lover's longing and yearning is that melody, supported by so truthful an accompaniment! How original, and natural at the same time, is the harmonic web, with the suspended notes in the voice which, when just about to close, find themselves again suspended over a foreign bass! That is indeed music for which a great poet has good reason to thank a great composer. In this as in most of the songs there is an

ample field for vocal display in the better sense; the good singer may here revel in his element, as the fish in the water. Next may be mentioned the Spring song (op. 19, No. 1): "In dem Waide süsse Töne," (In the forest little birds) the words of which are from the Old German. I hardly know why I am so fond of this little piece (don't laugh at me!)—it is so charming, so innocently cheerful—

"Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell"—

It will be remembered that in one of his famous "*Travelling Letters*," Mendelssohn writes: "There are new songs under way again, dear sisters! You do not know my principal song in E major, 'On the Journey'; it is very sentimental." The song here referred to can be no other than the *Reiselied* (ops. 19, No. 6. "Bringet des treuesten Herzens Grüsse" (Bring to her, swift moving waves.) It is, indeed, sentimental enough, but just the right song for a gentle soul torn from the beloved; it dissolves sorrow into sweet tears.

A great number are too well known to need description here; for instance: "On Song's bright pinions," "It is ordained by Heaven's decree," and others. The last work Mendelssohn published—if we except that collection of small pieces for the pianoforte (*Kinderstücke*) marked as op. 72, (known here, under the name of "The Gift"), but which belong to an earlier period—was a book of six songs, op. 71. To the many, many admirers of the great composer it was always a "grand time" when a new set made its appearance; but little did we dream that these were to be his "swan songs." In the selection of the poems for this last set he seems almost to have been guided by a presentiment of his approaching end (as indeed, sometime before he lay down never to rise again, he was troubled by the gloomy thought of an early death). They are mostly of a mournful character; they speak of anguish and pain which should be forgotten; of a "better morrow" that will soon dawn, since God's grace and goodness are never far off; of wandering away to a "distant land"; of joys passed; "the friend's faithful counsel, the beloved one's sweet glance, where are they?"—and similar prophetic allusions. The music to the first, inscribed *Tröstung* (Consolation), breathes that tender piety, that sweet comfort, for which the composer of St. Paul is celebrated. The sixth and last one is a *Nachtlied* (Nightsong). How ominous the words:

"Time travels, thus, thro' all the night."
And many an one must join his flight
Who never would have thought it."

and towards the close:

"God we will praise till the clear, bright morning shines."

The music accords with the text. A syncopated octave in the bass (the 5th of the chord of E flat), indicative of the tolling of the night or vesper bell, first heard alone, serves as the foundation over which melody and harmony, closely united, move mournfully along. At the entrance of the words "God we will praise" the voice soars powerfully up to the highest region, but soon resumes its former position. The low, subdued tolling of the bell, after the voice has ceased, is heard again; it grows softer and softer, and then all is still.

BENDA.

A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN.

Rome, Dec. 7, 1830.

To-day again I do not come to the full letter which I meant to write. God knows how the time flies here. This week I have made the acquaintance of several very amiable English families, who promise me again delightful winter evenings; I am with Bunsen a great deal; I mean too to get a great true taste of Baimi. I believe he regards me as a "*bruttissimo Tedesco*," so that I can learn to know him splendidly. With his compositions, to be sure, one has not a great way to go; and so in fact it is with all the music here. There may be plenty of will perhaps; but the means are lacking utterly. The orchestras are below all conception; Mlle. Carl* is engaged as *prima donna assoluta* for the season at both of the principal theatres; she has already arrived and begins to make *la pluie et le beau temps*. The papal singers are really getting old; they are almost wholly unmusical, hit even the most traditional pieces incorrectly, and the whole choir consists of 32 singers, who are never together though. Concerts are given in the Philharmonic Society so-called, but only with a piano; orchestra there is none; and lately when they wanted to try to give Haydn's "Creation," the instruments thought it impossible to play it. How the wind instruments sound, nowhere in Germany has one the least conception.

Now since the Pope is dead, and the conclave commences on the 14th, and so what with the ceremonies of the burial and what with those of the elevation of the new Pope a great part of the winter passes, and is lost for all music and all larger assemblages, I almost doubt if I shall

* From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

* Formerly singer in the Royal Theatre at Berlin.

come to any regular public undertaking here; but I am not sorry for it, because inwardly I enjoy so much here and of such various kinds, that there is little harm if I carry it round with me a while and try to work.

The performance of Graun's *Passion* in Naples, and especially the translation of Sebastian Bach only show how the right must finally prevail. They will not seize hold of, and will not enkindle the living sense of the people; but therein it is not worse, than with their sense for all the other arts, but rather better; for when you see a part of the *Loggia* of Raphael scratched away by an unspeakable and incomprehensible barbarism, to make room for scribbles with lead pencil; when the entire beginning of the ascending arabesques is quite annihilated, because Italians with penknives, and God knows how, have inscribed their miserable names there; when somebody paints below the Apollo Belvidere, with great emphasis and still greater letters: Christus!; when right before Michael Angelo's Last Judgment an altar is erected, so large, that it exactly hides the middle of the picture, and so disturbs the whole; when cattle are driven through the majestic halls of the Villa Madam, where Giulio Romano has painted the walls, and vegetables are stored there, out of sheer indifference to the Beautiful,—then indeed we have something much worse than a bad orchestra; something that must annoy a painter much more than wretched music does me. The people are indeed inwardly diseased and dissipated. They have a religion, and believe not in it; a Pope and superiors, and laugh at them; they have a clear, a brilliant Past, and it stands far from them; no wonder that they do not enjoy Art—if they are so indifferent to all that is earnest. The indifference about the death of the Pope, the unseemly merriment at the ceremonies is positively shocking! I have seen the corpse on the bed of state, and the priests who stood about it were continually whispering to one another, and then laughing. At this moment in the church where masses are read for his soul, there are carpenters at work continually on the scaffolding of the catafalque, so that with the ringing blows of the axe, and the noise of the workman, one can hear nothing of the religious service. As soon as the cardinals are in conclave, out came the satires upon them, in which for example they parody the litany, and, instead of the evils for the end of which they pray, they always name the peculiarities of well-known Cardinals. Or they have a whole opera performed by Cardinals; one being the *primo amoroso*, another *tiranno assoluto*, a third lamplighter, and so on. This could not be where people were inspired by Art. Formerly it was not better, but then they believed in it, and that makes the difference.

But Nature, and the warm December air, and the line from the Alban hills along down to the sea,—all that remains just so; they there can cut no names and write no inscriptions—every one can enjoy that fresh, all by himself, and that is what I hold to! A man is wanting to me here, to whom I might impart all very openly; who could read my music as it originates and make it doubly dear to me; with whom I could rest and refresh myself completely, and learn from him right candidly (he need not be a very wise man for that). But since the trees were not meant to grow up into the sky, as they say, so probably the man will not be found here; and a good fortune, which I have had everywhere else in very rich measure, will just here fail me. Here then I must hum to myself, and it will be all right.

FELIX.

BOSTON (Massachusetts).—"The Grand Jubilee Concert for new year's day"—says *Dwight's Journal*—"is to celebrate a new era in our history—to give utterance to the joy which millions of loyal liberty-loving, true American hearts feel at the arrival of the distinctly and officially recognized Providential necessity of disowning slavery and addressing ourselves as one people to the task of ridding this nation of its curse, after so much shame and party bitterness and, finally, rebellion, civil war and precious blood which it has cost us. This is no political occasion. The measure we rejoice in has become necessity; the President, as the Commander in chief, sees that without it the war cannot be ended, unless by such a compromise as shall surrender all that a free American holds dear outside of his own petty selfish interests. The question has past the stage of Politics; Providence has taken it out of that sphere altogether; and now can millions of hearts, that in their inmost depths have always longed and prayed for some deliverance from this wrong, this poison in the veins of the whole body politic, yet could not see the way under the obligations of the Constitution, now can they rejoice, with joy unspeakable, at the necessity whereby the all-wise Providence relieves us from those bonds, and makes us free to free four millions of our injured weaker brethren as fast as our arms shall win approach to them. Thus may we hope in time to see the Southern maniac delivered from his madness, and ourselves delivered from the constant terror and the shame in which that madness of our brother keeps us. Is not this cause for rejoicing? Is not here a 'Jubilee,' in spite of all the glooms that now surround us? It is no levity, no foolish nor affected joy; it is a deep

religious patriotic joy in the entering upon a new policy, the opening of a new era, which promises Peace and Liberty and Union, by ranging this great nation wholly and consistently upon the side of Freedom, and making it for the first time a genuine Republic. Justice, even though we are compelled to do it at the eleventh hour, shall be our safety. To the emotions that swell so many breasts on such a day it is fit that highest Art, the inspirations of the great tone-poets, should lend utterance. Never were the glories of the Fifth Symphony, and of those choruses of Handel and of Mendelssohn coupled with events and themes more worthy, or so suited to bring out their full significance. Musically, the programme is one of the grandest ever given in our city. Every piece in it will be sure to interest, while it is of the best of music; every piece has a kindred inspiration with the occasion itself. Scarcely could all phases of the present situation, the night of long-suffering and almost despair, the longing for the morning, the glimmering of hope, the return of doubt and fear, and finally the certain promise and announcement of the perfect day, be more aptly portrayed than in that solo and chorus from Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*—"Watchman will the night soon pass?" "The night is departing," which is to form part of the programme.—The Mendelssohn Quintet Club gave its third concert on December 18. The programme included two movements from Veit's quintet, No. 5 (Op. 29), the so-called "posthumous" quartet of Beethoven in C sharp minor (first time), the *andante* and *rondo* from Weber's E flat sonata, for piano and clarinet, and Mendelssohn's quintet in A major (Op. 18). "Of course"—says Mr. Dwight in the *Journal* of Dec. 27—"the great feature, as well as novelty, of the concert was the C sharp minor of Beethoven,—the last but three of the quartets, and one of the most profound of conception and difficult of execution. It could not be expected that it would be fully understood on a first hearing; nor do we feel yet much in a condition to enlighten our fellow listeners about it. To say that it was intensely interesting, that it is full of thoughts of startling (perhaps we might say 'bewildering') beauty, tenderness, majesty and grandeur; that in its strange departure from the ordinary form and structure of quartet you still felt and were borne along by a logical unity of design, even while bewildered; that, however imperfect your understanding of what you were hearing, you yet felt the presence and thrilled to the contact of a great, deep, loving and imaginative soul, a master genius,—were but to repeat what nearly every one said or hinted somehow as he went out. But this is about all that we are yet prepared to say. Any analysis of the contents of such a work must be reserved for future hearings and to a time of greater leisure. The rendering by the Club seemed to us as good as we had any right to expect for a first attempt. Portions of it came out quite clearly, and as if intelligently as well as mechanically mastered. Other portions were somewhat confused; following with a score, you could not detect the sound of every phrase set down for this or that middle part in the complex harmony.—And was not the tempo (*adagio ma non troppo*) of the short fugue with which the composition opens (Beethoven seems to have been more and more drawn toward the fugue in his latter years) taken a little too fast to be "*molto espressivo*," as the composer directs? The concluding *allegro* went quite clearly. We hope to hear this quartet again at the next concert, and meanwhile, heartily thank the artists for giving us the first taste of it. They must suffer us to drink deeply of it, ere they take the cup away." Of the other pieces, Mr. Dwight remarks:—"the repetition of the two movements from the quintet by Veit did not reveal to us the genius that we missed in the first hearing. Either we are dull, or it is not there. A musician-like mediocrity is all we could detect; the *Marchen*, to be sure, is pretty, but only one of the numerous offshoots from the Mendelssohn fairy stock.—The *andante* and *rondo* from Weber's Sonata, for piano and clarinet, have that composer's individual flavor and poetic charm, always enjoyable. In Mr. Carl Mayer we have a tasteful, competent pianist, and of Mr. Ryan's skill upon the clarinet we have no need to speak. The most satisfactorily rendered piece of the whole evening, truly delightful in all its movements, was the well-known early quintet in A, by Mendelssohn."—In the last impression of *Dwight's Journal* (Jan. 3) we find that the Music-hall at Boston had been crowded to suffocation at the Christmas performance of the *Messiah*. The execution is highly lauded. Mr. W. Castle, a tenor from New York, created a very favourable impression. The possession of a fine voice is accorded to him unreservedly, but it would appear he has something to learn as an oratorio singer. "The difficult and trying air"—writes our contemporary—"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," requires a singer with the force and mastery of Sims Reeves for the rendering of its tough, energetic rhythm, and such positive and nervous accent as shall make those *roulades* tell. Reeves, whom you might hear for weeks in smaller concerts, and think him only the most exquisite of sweet, sentimental singers, shows himself a giant when challenged by such passages." Two amateur concerts are alluded to and eulogised. The first was given at Chickering's, by some thirty ladies and gentlemen composing the singing club, who executed Bach's *chorale*, "Prayer for Peace," a

selection from *Elijah*, Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm ("As the hart pants"), and some minor pieces. The other was that of the Mozart Club, and took place at the Mercantile Hall. The programme, among other pieces, included the overture to *Fidelio*, and one of Mozart's great symphonies. At the third concert of the Mendelssohn Quintett Club, Schubert's Octet was performed, Beethoven's Romance in G for violin (played by Mr. Meisel), Herold's overture to the *Pré aux Cleres*, and some solos and ballads—not one piece by "Mendelssohn," and this time no "quintet." On the same evening a performance was held at Gilmore's Promenade Concerts, for the benefit of the manager, at which Madame Anna Bishop appeared—singing, as we are told, "wonderfully well." Mr. Zerrahn had announced the Philharmonic Concerts to commence on Saturday, the 10th inst., at the Boston Music-hall.

THE THEATRES.

At Sadler's Wells—*faut de mieux*, we suppose—the *Castle Spectre* has been revived. *The Times* is both erudite and amusing in recording the fact; but it is very difficult to ferret out the writer's opinion of the actual performance in the Islington suburb. Let our readers try:—

"Perhaps one of the greatest theatrical curiosities that could be presented to a modern Londoner is Monk Lewis's 'dramatic romance' the *Castle Spectre*, now revived at Sadler's-wells. Originally produced at Drury-lane in 1797, it represents a class of drama that has now entirely vanished from the London stage. Feudal lords, who lived at uncertain dates, and committed murders without end; sentimental villains who talked in the language of Kotzebue; ghosts who haunted the scene of their premature death, were in 1797 new to the theatrical world, and the derision with which the piece was assailed doubtless arose from the feeling that it was a strange innovation on stage proprieties. Now it is new once more, for the means of attraction on which it depended have been so long worn out that many of the present generation have not even seen the latest imitations of which it was the prototype. Earl Osmond, who murdered his brother's wife, and is in constant terror of her ghost, though he is frightened at nothing else; Hassan, a black slave, who raves about his lost Africa in a way that tempts one to believe that the Rev. Mr. Beecher flourished in the dark ages; Father Philip, a fat friar, courting the applause of the gods, partly by his good heart, partly by his love of strong potations; and lastly the ghost itself, not adapted like a *Corsican Brother* to modern manners, but clad in a raiment of purest white, varied only by the crimson spots that denote the effect of the assassin's knife,—these are figures well worth beholding by those who would like to know the sort of thing that more than 60 years ago excited the sympathies and terror of the many, notwithstanding the smiles of the few. At Sadler's-wells the *Castle Spectre* is played in three acts instead of five, but no incident of importance has been omitted. The modern playgoer who sits to witness it may therefore fairly assume that he sees the work entire, and his veneration for what he beholds will be doubtless increased if he is aware that Earl Percy was originally sustained by John Kemble, the slave Hassan by Downton, and Lady Angela (the heroine of the tale) by Mrs. Jordan. That the piece is not without vitality is proved by the facts that the Sadler's-wells audience evidently relish it exceedingly, and that, although long neglected in London, it has never ceased to be a stock play in the provinces."

Mr. Fechter has commenced business in right good earnest on Saturday night. The audience was one of the most brilliant ever assembled within the walls of the Lyceum. The theatre (the interior) has been simply renovated, the only new object being the curtain. The ornamental additions made by Mr. Charles Mathews in 1847 are retained, and the process of cleaning has been most successfully completed. Nothing could look handsomer. The performance began with a one-act farce called *A Sudden Attack*, in which Miss Henzade, Mrs. Lee, Messrs. Widdicombe and Shore appeared, but which (such the anxiety for the grand melodrama that was to follow) "received," to use the ironical words of a contemporary, "even less attention than was due to its merits, though these were far from great." The *coup de main* intended to launch Mr. Fechter and his ship upon the sea of fortune was an English version of the Porte St. Martin drama called *Le Bossu* (by M. Paul Féval). The English version—which is also (with the sanction, we understand, of M. Féval) in a great measure an abridgment, and, in some instances, a departure from the original—is from the lively and experienced pen of Mr. John Brougham. We cannot find room for the plot (which has been given in all the papers); here, however, is the critical summing up of *The Times*—masterly as usual:—

"This plot, in which all the romance, adventure, and criminal daring that seem to belong to a ruder age gain additional reality from their association with the manners and costumes of the Regency, is brought into a drama which for its power of sustaining an interest for three hours and a half by

dint of construction and situation alone could scarcely be matched. There is not, probably, one of the characters who could command the sympathizing tear of the most tender-hearted spectator. A great part of the action takes place in that courtly region which an English public is apt to regard with the most chilling indifference; of that domestic sentiment which is so dear to the British heart there is not a particle; finally, the principal personage of the story is so much actuated by a deliberate desire for vengeance that his virtues are almost overshadowed by his vindictiveness. Nevertheless, with all these specious reasons in disfavour of the piece, no sooner is the action fairly begun than you feel sure that anything short of a great success is impossible. The Duke has been shot almost before you have made his acquaintance; the sorrows of his bereaved Duchess touch you but little, nor are they intended so to do. Blanche is one of the least pathetic of ill-used maidens; Zillah, one of the feeblest specimens of uneducated benevolence. Yet somehow the audience are drawn into the contemplation of a tremendous game of skill played by Lagardère and Gonzagues, and they cannot remove their eyes till it is fairly played out. Those diagrams that appear in the chess column of certain journals, and are accompanied by a statement that White ought to checkmate Black in six moves, are pregnant with the most absorbing interest to a certain class of readers; and something like a chess problem, interesting to the whole of the audience, is presented every time the drop scene brings to its conclusion an act of the *Duke's Motto*. At the end of the second act, particularly when Lagardère stands dumb-founded and the villainous Gonzagues seems to have everything his own way, we ask ourselves, how can the tables be turned? That virtue will triumph at last we are aware, but our watch tells us it is nearly 11 o'clock, and how is it possible to solve the problem in time? At last it is solved—solved satisfactorily, and the roar of applause which follows the solution expresses delight at the victory of the "favourite." Those dukes and duchesses and gipsies were mere counters for the use of the gamblers; on their happiness and misery none care to reflect; the great point is, that Gonzagues is beaten by Lagardère."

"In giving vitality to this complicated piece," adds our contemporary, "the genius of Mr. Fechter is invaluable. Nothing can be more full of life, intelligence, and variety than his Lagardère. Careless and light-hearted at the beginning, earnest and devoted when he has undertaken his serious mission, keen in his expression of vindictiveness, passionate and tender in his love—he is the very man to make himself the leading figure of such a story, and to extend to the adventurer the interest inspired by the adventures. The evening was far advanced on Saturday when, as the pretended hunchback, he feigned to subdue Blanche by a sort of mesmeric influence, but so admirable was the mystical wooing represented, and, let us add, so well did Miss Terry respond to it, that the audience allowed themselves to be moved as by a newly excited interest. It is a monstrous improbability in the story that Gonzagues, who has employed the real hunchback for more than twenty years, does not find out the sham one, who is always thrusting himself under his nose; but this improbability almost vanishes through the skill of Mr. Fechter. When he has killed Æsop, and returns dressed in his clothes, with every appearance of decrepitude, the audience believe that the combat has terminated the other way, and when Mr. Fechter stands erect they are completely taken by surprise. Now, if the audience can be deceived, why should not the Prince de Gonzagues be deceived likewise?" It is not always pleasant to represent a stately villain whose downfall people are evidently desiring, nor is Gonzagues a villain of the showiest kind; but Mr. George Vining displays all his usual tact. The other characters are well sustained.

In the way of scenery and costume everything has been done for the new piece. There is not an act but is remarkable for some brilliant scenic effect. If the brilliant beginning of Saturday is to be taken as an earnest of the future, an important addition has been made to the fashionable theatres of London.

At the St. James's Theatre a new two act drama by Mr. Charles Rose (the "Arthur Sketchley" of the new entertainment), entitled *The Dark Cloud*, has been produced with success. The principal characters were sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathews, Miss Herbert, Miss Adeline Cottrell, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, Western, and Jacobs.

NEW DROP SCENE AT SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. John Barker, a young artist, has painted a new drop curtain to the pantomime, which, though evidently the work of a fresh hand, is a remarkable picture. It represents the Carnival at Rome, and the grotesque figures proper to the scene, instead of merely giving animation to an architectural view, occupy the greater part of the canvas, which is thus filled with various types of character.—*Times*.

GLASGOW.

The Glasgow Choral Union, which continues to progress alike in musical proficiency and financial prosperity, recently commenced its season by a performance, in the City Hall, of *Engedi*, (Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*) and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the former being given by the "Union" for the first time (and, indeed, for the first time, we believe, in a complete form in Scotland), and the latter for the second. The hall was well filled—only a few seats being unoccupied—a fact which testifies alike to a growing taste for works of a high class, and to the high estimation in which the performances given from time to time by the Glasgow Choral Union are held. The chorus—as stated in the programmes—numbered upwards of 400 voices, and the band comprised sixty performers, while the solo parts were sustained by Miss Whitham, Miss Carrodus, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Winn. Mr. Edwards, of Dalkeith, officiated as usual at the organ, and Mr. Lambeth was conductor. Both works selected for performance were performed with English words, of different signification to those for which the music was composed, an arrangement which the religious feeling of the country renders unavoidable, but which, it must be confessed, in some degree injures the effect of the music. This, however, is the case more in the "Stabat Mater" than in *The Mount of Olives*, the circumstances supposed to be represented in *Engedi*, and the words put in the mouths of the characters being sufficiently similar to those in the original.

Miss Whitham, who sang the soprano music, possesses great energy, and a feeling quite dramatic, to which her voice gives adequate expression. Mr. Wilbye Cooper was suffering from so severe a cold that he was unable to do himself justice; indeed, it was the height of good nature in him to sing under such circumstances. Mr. Winn was "the right man in the right place;" his voice seemed fuller than formerly, and his style of singing could hardly be improved. The "Stabat Mater" was on the whole most creditably performed. Even the last chorus, the difficulty of which is so great as often to necessitate its mutilation, went with as much precision as if there had been no difficulty in it. The finest effort, however, of the "Union," was in the bass solo and chorus, better known by the Latin words "Eia Mater." With the exception of a little difference of opinion among the basses at the opening as to the nature of an A flat, it was sung irreproachably, and produced an immense sensation. It was loudly encored. It gave occasion for one of those beautifully sustained and gradually diminishing closes which Mr. Lambeth is so successful in obtaining from his chorus. The *contralto* part was sung by Miss Carrodus (from Yorkshire we imagine), whom we had not heard before. Her voice, better in the higher than in the lower part, is not very powerful, but nicely cultivated. The duet "Quis est homo," with Miss Whitham, was redemanded. The orchestral accompaniments were the least satisfactory part of the performance, although, considering that many of the players were amateurs, the band acquitted itself fairly. Oboes seem as scarce in the west as in the east, and bassoons also require their occasional assistance from violoncellos. But where so much was good, we need not pick holes. The duties of organist were discharged by Mr. Edwards in his usual skilful manner, and the fine instrument (by Gray & Davison) was used to good purpose.

Mr. Lambeth must be congratulated on the high state of efficiency to which he has brought the Society, and commended for the taste and energy which he brings to bear on his task. The "Choral Union" of Glasgow is not much, if at all, behind those of the great English towns in their interpretation of great choral works, although perhaps, as regards the quality of the voices, some of the southerners may bear the palm. Would that Edinburgh could have a Lambeth, and a "Choral Union" which might be more than a name!—*Edinburgh Courant*.

WINDSOR.—(From a Correspondent).—The Royal Glee and Madrigal Union, under the patronage of Her Majesty, commenced a series of four concerts on the 12th ult., before a numerous and aristocratic audience. The principal artists were Miss Banks, Messrs. Adams, Knowles, Marriott, Whiffin, Tolley, Bridgewater, and Lambert, gentlemen of St. George's Royal Chapel, &c., conductor, Dr. Elvey. The first part consisted of selections from Mozart's operas; the second, of madrigals of the sixteenth century, with one exception, viz., "Corin for Cleora dying," from *Love's Triumph*; the third, of songs, duets, trios, &c. Miss Banks sang, "Batti, batti" in charming style, and was encored in "I'll think of thee," a new composition by Mr. B. Turner. The same success attended the duet "Cruel perche," sung by this lady and Mr. Lambert. Besides joining in the duet Mr. Lambert gave Harper's song, "The Bandit," eliciting an enthusiastic encore. Two of the madrigals were encored, as was Stevens' glee, "Mark'd you her eye," the words of which, by the way, were the production of Sheridan, addressed to his first wife, Miss Linley, shortly before their marriage. It was sung by Messrs. Marriott, Knowles, Whiffin, Tolley, and Lambert. The second concert took place on Friday last, in the Town Hall, when the lady vocalist was Miss Roden, who gave Rossini's "Cara adorata immagine" with great success, and was enthusiastically encored

in the "Waters of Elle," and Powell's "Home song." This lady possesses a most beautiful soprano voice, which she uses with great judgment and skill, and her reappearance will be hailed with much pleasure in Windsor. Several glees and madrigals were encored, and the concert may be pronounced one of the most successful given in Windsor for some time.

CORK.—A series of operatic performances are being given at the Theatre Royal, which appear to afford unqualified gratification to Munster audiences. The principal parts are sustained by Mad. Tonnelier, Miss Emma Heywood, Mr. Bowler, and Mr. Rosenthal. Of the performance of *Martha* the *Cork Examiner* says:—"The principal parts were filled as well as could be desired in Cork. Mad. Tonnelier's singing and acting are remarkable. The part of Lady Henrietta has not often been filled by a more distinguished artiste. In the lovesick Lionel, Mr. Bowler's natural vivacity was somewhat curbed; but his voice found full scope for display. Mr. Rosenthal's Plunkett was remarkably good. Miss Heywood, though suffering from a slight hoarseness, was unexceptionable in every way as Nancy. The representation on the whole was one of the most successful of the season. Mr. Cooper conducts most skilfully, possessing besides his abilities as a performer, the rare qualification of being an excellent timeist. On Saturday there will be a morning performance of the *Rose of Castille*, when the inmates of the Blind Asylum will be admitted free."

MUNICH.—A few days at Munich were rendered most agreeable by an accidental meeting with our friend the "Diarist," whom I found, I am happy to say, in much better health than formerly, and in good spirits. His work progresses, surely, though slowly, and he is beginning, I think, to see the end. To give you an idea of opera novelties in Munich, I need only tell you that on the four opera nights of two successive weeks, were given *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, and *Frey-schütz*, and this is the usual style of the *répertoire* in that city. *Figaro* and *Fidelio*, I had the pleasure of hearing—and enjoyed them exceedingly. Without any one part being rendered in an extraordinary way, all were so equal, extremely well balanced, and the orchestra and chorus so excellent, that the whole was perfect.—*Dwight's Journal of Music*.

ROBERT FRANZ.—In Halle I was fortunate enough to hear *Paradise and the Peri* admirably sung by the "Sing-Akademie" under the direction of Rob. Franz. Although all, even the solo-singers, were dilettanti, the performance was most satisfactory, and spoke volumes for Dr. Franz's powers as capelmeister, in which capacity he is also very popular. He is still absorbed in Bach, rather, I am sorry to say, to the exclusion of other works, so that we can hardly hope for more of his beautiful songs very soon.—*Dwight's Journal of Music*.

A CONCERT ON THE SPREE.—A concert by the "Domchor" was a great enjoyment, as was also, in a different way, a festival of Stern's Singing Society. This was given at Treptow, a pretty village on the banks of the Spree, four or five miles from Berlin. It was, in a measure, private, the tickets not being for sale, but distributed by the members to their friends; nevertheless, as there are many members, it was a very large gathering. Table by table was set in the town and under the trees of a large coffee-garden, and at these sat the youth and beauty and fashion of Berlin, the ladies enlivening the picture with their gay, light summer dresses, and the flower gardens attached to their bonnets. A dozen short pieces were down on the programme, and were excellently sung by the Society, but the best part of the entertainment occurred in the intermission, when a select chorus went out upon the river in two large gondolas, and there, floating about, and surrounded by innumerable smaller crafts of all shapes and kinds, sang half a dozen of the sweetest "Volkslieder," or melodies of like character. It was a charming picture—the boats upon the water, the crowds upon both shores, the pretty landscape surrounding it all—a picture which is not easily forgotten.—*Dwight's Journal of Music*.

A BARCELONA MYSTERY.—A very singular spectacle was announced some time since as about to be produced at Barcelona. At the Theatre of the Lyceum in that city, a sacred drama, for the *mise en scène* of which extraordinary preparations had been made, and entitled *The Passion of Jesus Christ*, in which eighteen choruses were to be executed by 500 singers of both sexes, with an orchestral accompaniment of 300 musicians, was in rehearsal. The scenery and decorations, of the greatest magnificence, intended to represent various places in the Holy Land, had been executed by artists from designs taken on the spots. Amongst other unusual things were to be 150 natural palm-trees, brought from the northern coast of Africa, to Barcelona by the *Cid* steam-vessel. The first performance of this curious piece, which recalls the ancient mysteries, was to have taken place immediately, and many of the clergy were expected to be present on the occasion. Whether the "solemnity" ever actually came off we are unable to say.—*Barbagriggia*.

* Mr. A. W. Thayer, who was in England in 1860—1, and whose friends in England are anxiously awaiting the first instalment of that work to which he is known to have devoted so many years of a valuable life—his complete Biography of Beethoven.—Ed. M. W.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19, 1863,

The Programme selected from the Works of various Composers.

PART I.

QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello Schumann.
MM. PAUER, SAINTON, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PIATTI.

SONG, "The Lark" Glinka.
MISS BANKS.

ROMANCE, in A minor, for Violoncello, with pianoforte acc. Viotti.
(First time at the Monday Popular Concerts.)
Signor PIATTI.

SONG, "If with all your hearts." (Elijah) Mendelssohn.
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

SONATA, in E flat, for Pianoforte alone. Haydn.
Herr PAUER.

PART II.

QUINTET, in C, for two Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos Schubert.
(First time at these Concerts.)
MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, H. WEBB, PAQUE and PIATTI.

SONG, "Adelaide" Beethoven.
By desire
Mr. SIMS REEVES.

SONG, "Where the bee sucks" Sullivan.
MISS BANKS.

SONATA, in C minor, for Pianoforte and Violin Beethoven.
Herr PAUER and M. SAINTON.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s; Tickets to be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 25, Piccadilly; and of MESSRS. CHAPPELL and Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER has been giving the Viennese a foretaste of the *Niebelungen*. Three per-

formances of various detached pieces (from the first part, we believe) have taken place at the Theater an der Wien.* This step, so unexpected on the part of the Zukunft agitator, and so unlike his ordinary (extraordinary) proceedings, has drawn down upon his not very malleable head some strenuous blows of criticism. The *Recensionen*, frequently (generally) morose, is even unusually so on the subject. Wagner is accused of glaring inconsistency,—“inasmuch as he, who objects to (denies) music as music, and who represents the (pretended) consentaneous working of all the arts—or, as he, with pedantic coxcombry, assumes, the *effective dramatico-musical scenario*—now delivers up to a judgment which, according to his own views, must be notoriously precipitate, fragments of works scarcely yet completed, and—which is in him a still greater contradiction—the *exclusively musical* portion of these fragments.” True, this is not by any means the first example of gross inconsistency on the part of one whose efforts have hitherto constantly swung, with evident hesitation and uncertainty, between the established system and the one he affects to have discovered. However this may be—and we are not about to discuss the question—“an exhaustive and comprehensive analysis of the *Niebelungen* fragments is,” our contemporary fairly admits, “impossible.” Such fragments, wrenched away from their connection with a whole, whatever that whole may happen intrinsically to be, are unamenable to criticism. “Explanatory programmes,” however emphatically they may strive to enlighten our ignorance, are of little avail. Thus, the “*Ride of the horses of the air*,” the “*presageful relations between Siegmund and Sieglinde*,” &c., at which the *Recensionen* not unreasonably sneers, fail to supply what the want of scenic accessories, and the absence of the “dramatico-musical” context, leave naturally undefined. No amount of speculation can help us out of the scrape; and we are left in complete darkness about “effects” which, unhappily, Herr Wagner himself has taught us to look forward to as more or less problematical. The poetic purport of these “monstrosities” (the Viennese critic thus describes the newly revealed fragments; the term, good reader, is not of our finding) is thus no more to be followed up than the eccentric flittings of a Jack-a-lantern. The *Recensionen* declares that Wagner is losing himself more and more hopelessly in legendary mystics. He is wandering in regions so remote from ordinary life and feeling that neither the sympathy of the educated public, nor the understanding of the people can by any possibility follow him. “What relation”—pursues our critic, in language almost as mystic as that attributed to Wagner,—“the pieces presented to us bear to the whole from which they are taken whether they are culminating points, holding their relatively justified position in an *effectively graduated entirety* (!), and whether such an entirety can be supposed to possess sufficient clearness and *humanly comprehensive harmony* (!), to offer such culminating points as are artistically justified, we cannot possibly know, although a warning voice from within causes us to regard the beginning of this ‘Universal-Art’ (*All-Kunst*) as the end of art altogether.” So that definitively there remains nothing but the *purely musical* side of the question. Even in his theatrical works, there cannot be conceded to Wagner the abstraction of *everything like musical interest*; much less, therefore, when in a “performance of *Musik*,” so avowed, he introduces to his hearers a series of pieces, destined, as musical pieces, to create an impression upon *their ears* no less than upon their intellectual faculties. Looking at the matter from this

* On Dec. 26, Jan. 1, and Jan. 11.

point of view, the critic of the *Recensionen* finds "a striking retrogression" in the fragments now brought forward, when compared with the music of *Tannhäuser*, and even of *Lohengrin*. A larger expenditure of musical resources is attended with a considerably smaller result in the sense of absolute musical effect. "An almost total absence of musical creative power, an extravagant treatment of the vocal parts, and a far-fetched heaping together of the strangest musical turns," were scarcely redeemed by the few touches of originality, which, however genuine, could not hold their own "against the inward emptiness and outward noise." The most striking part of the fragment from the *Meistersinger* appears to be the orchestral melody to Progner's address; though, even here, "by its declamatory skips and jumps," the address itself is said to mar what would otherwise be the tranquil flow of the orchestral undercurrent—"as if Progner could not possibly mould his apostrophes into a naturally melodious shape, or, at any rate, in a style to harmonise with the accompaniment." Among the *Niebelungen* fragments the writer points to the "*Ride of the Valkyries*" ("*Ritt der Walküren*,") as the least original perpetuation of the whole—"apparently," he adds—"the *Wolf's Glen of the Future*." Here and there "specks of musical light" are detected amid the foggy and distorted phraseology of Siegmund and Wotan—"specks, however, that illumine the desolate musical waste as transiently as lightning, without emitting a single ray to cheer the spirit or to warm the heart." The opinions thus avowed, might, it is granted, as far as details are concerned, "be slightly modified" by the experience of future hearings; but the general impression produced is declared to have been so depressing and discouraging, that no desire would probably be entertained by any single person among the audience of rebraving the ordeal for any ulterior consideration whatever. A large section of the audience—which was very numerous, and, at first, religiously attentive—treated the wayward composer and his "fragments" with considerate indulgence, nay, with marked kindness. The applause and attention, nevertheless—especially the latter—visibly diminished long before the conclusion. The orchestra (from the Opera, and strengthened for the occasion) is said to have overcome the difficulties of its task with admirable skill and perseverance; but the sincerest condolence was due to the unhappy solo singers—Mad. Passy-Cornett, Mdle. Dettin, Mdle. Prager, Herren Olschbauer, Krabanek, and Mayerhofer—for their heroic acceptance and not less heroic execution of the hopelessly unmelodious parts assigned them.

WHEN we saw advertised a "Grand Concert," to be given by the Band of the St. George's Rifle Volunteers, at St. James's Hall, we concluded that its object was either relief of the Lancashire Operatives or aid to the funds of the band itself. When we attended the concert, on Wednesday evening, and beheld the hall crowded, and the tenants of stalls and balcony-seats as brilliant as "fashion" could render them, we felt assured we were right. "Of a verity," we exclaimed, "charity must be here. Nothing else, considering the programme, can have brought together so elegant and numerous an assembly. Benevolence is predominant just now, and has broken through that thick frost which lately seemed to encircle metropolitan sympathy, upon almost every occasion when charitable performances were held." Not that we thought the good folks of London unwilling to subscribe for the needy, but that they preferred dispensing their largess in any other way than at places of

public entertainment. Here then no choice was left us for consideration of the reason of attraction. The name of Mr. Sims Reeves indeed was in the bills; but even that gentleman's great popularity would hardly explain the numbers and "quality" of the company attracted to such a programme. That glorious virtue "which covereth a multitude of sins" alone could solve the riddle. Nevertheless, after applying for information, we learned, to our astonishment, that the concert was given neither for the Lancashire Fund nor for the good of the Band—neither for charity abroad nor for charity at home. What then could be the purport of the entertainment, and who the organisers? "*Grand Concert given by the Band of the St. George's Rifle Volunteers!*" That a Military Band, celebrated like that of the French Guides, or our own Artillery Band, or that of the Coldstream Guards, should, under certain circumstances, hold a concert on its own account, is intelligible enough; but that an amateur band of an amateur Corps, with no public reputation and no remarkable talent, should come forward and invite the musical world to pay through the nose to hear it, is almost inexplicable. Yet such was the case on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall. The Band of the St. George's Rifles gave a Concert on its own account, played several pieces, and engaged sundry professional artists to swell out the programme. The engagement of professionals made matters worse. The whole thing, in short, was a mistake, and no good purpose whatever could be answered by it.

Nobody will accuse us of endeavouring to put down amateur concerts when held for legitimate purposes. We have strongly supported the performances of the Operatives, the Commissionaires, and Police. But these did not come forward, as pseudo-professionals, to give public entertainments with no definite object in which the public could by any means feel an interest. Had they done this, instead of praising them, as examples for other bands to follow, we should have rated them for vanity and egotism. The bands we have named assembled for the benefit of the Relief Fund, and thus not merely disarmed criticism but extorted well-deserved applause.

We trust the next concert of the band of the St. George's Rifle Volunteers will have some ostensible purpose. If given to provide funds for its own immediate wants—to purchase instruments and music, to pay the hire of practice rooms, &c., it should be so stated in the advertisements. In that case it would have our decided approval, and that of the entire London press, which considers the advancement of the volunteer cause a national question. But got up merely with a view of publicly exhibiting the indifferent amount of skill the players can possibly boast, the thing is neither more nor less than absurd; while, if, on the other hand, speculators are behind the curtain, pulling the wires unseen, it behoves both members of the musical profession and amateurs of the musical art to protest against any and all such undertakings. We should really grieve to find the volunteer bands becoming, instead of a public benefit, a public bore.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Allow me, as of old, my word about the Monday Popular Concerts. The patrons of these entertainments had reason to be thankful that the place of Herr Joachim could, at short notice, be filled by one who lives amongst us, whose skill is unsurpassed, and whose soul is that of a genuine musician. Mr. Sainton's performance in Beethoven's Quartet, on Monday last, was marked alike by breadth and

delicacy, by solidity and power, by grace and purity. In the opening movement his expressive delivery of impassioned melodic phrases realised "the whole Beethoven." In the dashing Military Septet of Hummel another phase of Mr. Sainton's polyhedric talent was exhibited. The Sonata of Mendelssohn, for pianoforte and violoncello, was played "a raver" by MM. Hallé and Piatti. The marvellous tone, phrasing, and execution of the accomplished Italian, combined with the neat manipulation and somewhat modish sentiment of the German, left an impression both peculiar and satisfactory. While listening to so enchanting a work we cannot but regret that Mendelssohn lived but to complete this and one only genial companion for the same combination of instruments; and that more than probably other specimens of the sonata form, upon which he spent some of his rare thought and loving labour, should be shelved by unsympathising relatives,—applauded though these be by Dr. Dryasdust.

The vocal music—although regret was naturally felt at the absence of Mad. Sainton, whose appearances in London have not of late been sufficiently frequent—was excellent. The quaint "Lullaby" of Glinka, containing, like all melody of genuine Cossack origin, a "touch of sadness," was expressively given by Miss Banks, whose clearness of voice and unaffected singing are rapidly making way. The air from *Comus*, "Now Phœbus," was sung with honest English earnestness by Mr. Winn, to whom I could have wished a livelier task than that of interpreting the "Nazareth" of M. Gounod, the chief characteristic of which is dulness ineffable. And so enough of this first (113th!) Monday Popular Concert. Yours, N. N. N.

Pantagrue Square, Jan. 14.

NATIONAL MELODIES.—The sixth concert of the series will take place at St. James's Hall on Friday evening January 30th, when Signor Guiglini and Miss Banks will appear in conjunction with a band of 20 Harps and choir of 400 voices. The fifth concert drew together an immense audience on Thursday, January 8th, and it is has been stated that upwards of one thousand persons were unable to obtain admission.

WILLIS v. DAVISON.—We purpose giving a full report of this important patent case in our next impression.

MARIA GARCIA, the singer, has just died, at Paris, in her eight-and-twentieth year.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—On Monday evening last a *soirée* was held at this institution in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund. In the course of the evening several pieces were sung with much effect by Miss Marian Pitman, a young vocalist from the North of England, this being her first appearance in London.—*Times*, 7th of Jan., 1863.

M. LOUIS JULIEN.—Mr. Bignold, proprietor of the Argyll Rooms, has entered into an arrangement with M. Louis Julien to conduct the excellent orchestra of this much frequented institution. The name he bears would be a sufficient attraction of itself, but in addition to this, M. Louis Julien is known to have inherited a large share of the musical talent of his universally regretted relative, and, there is little doubt, will do credit to the post which for many years was filled with such ability by the late M. Emile Laurent.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's *Athalie* and Mozart's *Requiem* were performed last night, under Mr. Costa's direction. The singers were Miss Parepa, Mrs. Netherclift, Mad. Sainton, Messrs. Montem Smith, and Weiss. Exeter Hall was crowded to the doors. Full particulars in our next.

VIEXTEMPS.—M. Viextemps is in Paris, where, and especially at the Popular Concerts of M. Pasdeloup, his playing has created a genuine sensation. At the concert of January 4th he performed his concerto in A minor with immense success. (At the same concert, Haydn's Symphony "La Reine de France," Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*, and an air from Beethoven's ballet of *Prometheus*, were given for the first time, the last two being unanimously encored). Recently, Mr. Viextemps performed in a *Soirée*, at the house of M. Rosenhain, among other things, taking the first violin part in a trio and quartet, by that composer, both of which are highly spoken of.

PARIS.

(From our own correspondent.)

Paris, Jan. 14.

Robert le Diable was performed on Sunday and had almost the effect of a novelty. The *Trovère* (*Trovatore*) has been re-produced with M^{me}. Gueymard-Lauters as Leonora. Well-used as these works have been at the Grand Opéra they were acceptable in the absence of anything new, and received with every mark of favor—especially Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*. *La Muette* (*Masaniello*) will be produced shortly, and great are the expectations entertained of its revival, notwithstanding the loss of Mario, the most picturesque of revolutionary fishermen. Auber, it is said, has composed a new *pas* expressly for the young *danseuse*, M^{lle}. Laure Poinet, a *débutante*, to be introduced in the third act (market-scene).—*I Lombardi* has been produced at the Italiens, with M^{me}. Frezzolini (alas! poor Frezzolini!), Signors Naudin and Bartolini,—and this, notwithstanding the protest of Sig. Verdi, through his agent, M. Léon Escudier. Sig. Verdi has had a "tiff" with Sig. Calzadò; and Sig. Verdi is somewhat unforgiving. M^{lle}. Patti has been indisposed, and the opera of *Lucia*, on Thursday, was laid aside in consequence for the *Barbiere*, M^{me}. Alboni being the Rosina. In no Italian Opera, on no occasion that I can call to mind, could such a Rosina as Adelina Patti have been replaced, at an emergency, by such a Rosina as Marietta Alboni. I was present that night, and was enchanted, not only with Alboni, but with Mario, who sang transcendently; in fact, he never sang better.

At the Opéra-Comique, a new opera in one act, entitled *L'Illustre Gaspard*, the libretto by MM. Duvert and Lauzanne, the music by M. Eugène Prevost, has been read and accepted. The principal parts will be sustained by Mesdames Chollet-Byard and Casimir, MM. Coudere (who gets younger as he grows older), Lemaire, Potel and Davoust. The manager of the Opéra-Comique, has taken advantage of Herr von Flotow's presence in the French capital, to obtain from him a new two-act piece, just completed, and entitled *La Nuit des Dupes*, the book by M. St. Georges. The parts are already given out and the rehearsals have commenced.

The next concert of the National Society of Fine Arts is fixed for Sunday. The programme comprises Félicien David's *Desert*; Meyerbeer's *Overture-Marche*, composed for the London Exhibition, which will be executed for the first time in Paris; fragments of a Symphony by M. C. Saint-Saëns (the Belgian); *Marche Funèbre*, by M. Debillemont; and *Scherzo* from one of the Symphonies of M. Georges Bizet. The programme of the Popular Classical Concert on Sunday last, at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, you will own was more worthy. It was as follows:—Mozart's Symphony in E flat; *Adagio* of the quartet, No. 6, of Haydn, by all the stringed instruments (*fi donc!*) *Scherzo* from an unpublished symphony by M. Bizet (M. Bizet gained the *Priz de Rome* in 1857); and Beethoven's music to *Egmont*. The performance of one movement only of the quartet is not to be commended, much less its execution in a manner never dreamt of by the composer.—M^{me}. Csillag has returned from Barcelona, disappointed and aggrieved. She proceeded to that city some weeks since, to fulfil an engagement at the opera, but found the company so wretched that she dared not venture to appear with such associates. Having waited a month in hopes of some amelioration, and finding no possible expectation of a change, she turned from the city of olives and came back to Paris.

I merely mention now that M. Théodore Semet's new comic opera, *Ondine*, in three acts—words by MM. Lockroy and Mestepès—was produced on Friday last at the Théâtre Lyrique. It has failed to realise the expectations formed of the composer of the *Nuits d'Espagne* and *Gil Blas*. I shall send you a full account in my next. You must be content at present to learn that the piece had every justice done to it by the principal singers, chorus, and band, and that the management has spared no expense to ensure a becoming representation.

MR. APTOMMAS has left London for Paris, where he is announced to give two Harp recitals on the 3rd and 10th February.

A ROYAL HARP.—The harp of the late unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, of France, which she bequeathed in her exile to her chamberlain, Fleuri, as a memorial, is now deposited, with the documents, with M. Laudauer, Leil 11, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

ADELINA PATTI.

(From "Figaro.")

Vous avez applaudi cette adorable cantatrice, vous avez été émerveillé de trouver—dans *Lucia*—une tragédienne émue et passionnée,—dans le *Barbier*—la plus folâtre des Rosines; votre souffle s'est arrêté alors qu'une pluie de perles invisibles faisait retentir les harpes de son tendre gosier; vous êtes resté toute une soirée remué, haletant, admirant.

"La Patti!" disent les journaux—"la Patti!"—et, de près, vous trouvez une petite demoiselle de dix-neuf ans, qui en paraît quatorze, une enfant qui a une poupée, et qui ne sait rien de la vie. "Lisez vous les journaux, Mademoiselle?" "On ne me n'a jamais donné un seul. Quand il y a dans un journal quelque chose de gentil, mon frère me le lit; si c'est mauvais, je ne le sais pas." "Et que lisez-vous donc?" "Thackeray, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, presque tous les ouvrages anglais." "Aimez-vous Paris?" "Oui, mais j'aime mieux Londres. Les Français sont changeants, ma-t-on dit, tandis que les Anglais—" "Eh bien?" "Quand une fois ils vous ont prise en affection, c'est pour toujours. A Londres, j'étais plus tranquille; et si vous saviez comme j'aime le calme et le repos. Ici on parle vite et beaucoup, cela me trouble." "Comment cela peut-il vous troubler, vous qui parlez également l'anglais, le français, l'italien et l'espagnol?" "Un manque d'habitude, sans doute." "Quelles sont donc vos distractions à Londres?" "Je cause avec Miss Alice qui ne me quitte jamais."

"Eh bien! miss Alice est à Paris, et elle vous accompagnera à Vienne?" "Sans doute, mais." "Vous n'êtes pas chez vous, c'est ce qui vous contrarie?" "Voilà." "Chanterez-vous longtemps à Vienne?" "Je ne sais pas." "Comment! vous ne connaissez pas vos engagements?" "Jamais. C'est mon père qui fait tout. Moi, on me fait partir, je pars; on me dit de chanter, je chante." "Et l'Italie, quand la verrez-vous? Ce n'est point sa faute si elle n'est pas votre patrie?" "Oh! j'ai regret de n'y être jamais allée. Je verrai l'Italie avec bonheur!" "Et vous aussi, n'est-ce pas, Miss Alice?" "Miss Alice rougit; ses yeux bleus palissent, puis un sourire se dessine sur sa physionomie; trente-deux dents éclatent sous sa lèvre, et elle murmure:—"*Oh yes, sir.*"

C'est vraiment un miracle de trouver tant d'innocence et d'étonnement chez cette grande artiste—Adelina Patti! Heureuse et suave nature que l'art et la beauté ont placée si haut! Hélas! peut-on sans un serrement de cœur s'éloigner de cette grace enfantine, de ce regard limpide, de cette angelique pureté, et songer sans amertume à nos jeunes dames de théâtre, qui—tutoyant le machiniste et tutoyées par lui—demandent d'une voix éraillée—"Ce m'sieur-là est-y du jockey?"

Jan. 3, 1863.

PANTOMIME OPERA. OPERA PANTOMIME.—The Pantomime season is not a very favourable one for opera. The real *prima donna* of the present holiday period is Columbine. Harlequin is the youthful, amorous tenor; Clown the active, intriguing baritone, at times the rival of Harlequin; Pantaloon the stupid old bass. By the side of pantomime, opera exercises no attraction whatever on the Christmas public, and probably could only be made to do so by being lowered to the pantomimic level, and adapted or burlesqued so as to suit the well-known and invariable pantomimic requirements. No one at this time of year would go to hear Rossini's *William Tell*, even as curtailed by Mr. Costa, the great operatic Procrustes; but if nearly all Rossini's music were left out, if Tell were turned into a clown, if Matilda and Arnold were made into Columbine and Harlequin, and Gessler were elevated to the rank of Pantaloon, then *William Tell*, in its new shape, might find plenty of admirers. So would *Don Juan*, with Don Juan and Leporello as Clown and Pantaloon. Indeed, the four principal characters in the main plot of Mozart's great opera are precisely to serious drama what the pantomimic quartet are to burlesque. Don Juan is a tragic clown, cheating his creditors, deceiving all the women who come within his reach, and showing the same contempt for the avenging figure of the Commandant that the Clown exhibits for the policeman who comes to arrest him for stealing carrots or for being rude to Columbine. Leporello follows, assists, is made use of, and occasionally snubbed by his master in the true style of a Pantaloon waiting upon a Clown. Donna Anna is rather a funereal Columbine, and Don Ottavio rather a dull Harlequin; but their relations towards one another, and jointly towards Don Juan and Leporello, are quite of a pantomimic character. *The Barber of Seville* is more like a pantomime, from the disguises assumed by Harlequin (Almaviva); and the framework of the story is known to be borrowed from Molière's "Sicilien," a piece which has often been arranged as a pantomime-ballet. *Don Pasquale* is quite pantomimic in design, and contains in Don Pasquale himself an excellent character for a Pantaloon. Then in the *Lucia*; what an admirable Columbine the unfortunate Miss Ashton would make, especially in the mad scene? In short, there is not one really popular opera that could not be turned to pantomimic account at Christmas time; and we think it might be shown that no opera which will not bear this test ever has been or ever can be universally successful.—*Barbagriggia.*

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The first concert (in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday night) was on the whole good; but we remember better, both as regards selection and performance. It began, of course, with the national anthem (Mr. H. Leslie's arrangement). To this succeeded a "Kyrie eleison," from one of the masses of Leonardo Leo (introduction and fugue)—a not unvigorous example of what the successor of Alessandro Scarlatti, the predecessor of Durante, the master of Jomelli and Piccini, and one of the founders of the great Neapolitan school, could effect in the way of choral counterpoint. All that this "Kyrie" wants is elevation. Leo has written much finer things, as Mr. Leslie doubtless is aware. A part song by Mr. Joseph Barnby ("Sweet and low") was well sung and encored; and R. L. Pearsall's "Song of the Frank Companies" was better sung, but not encored. A glee by Mr. J. L. Hatton ("Tis May-daymorn")—allotted to Miss Marian Walsh, Mrs. Dixon, Messrs. A. Matthison and Shirley Hodson; Mr. H. Leslie's "Flax-spinner" (part-song); Mr. Benedict's genial "Old May-day" (part song)—which is not only genial but thoroughly English—followed each other in the order indicated. With the last two the "Choir" was remarkably successful, and the "Flax spinner" was encored; but the execution of the glee might have been more effective. The first part ended gloriously, with Mendelssohn's magnificent psalm (for eight part choir), "Why rage fiercely the heathen?"—which, though not so irreproachably given as on former occasions (the solo parts being anything but perfect) still reflected credit on the choir, as, on the whole, a really grand performance.

The second part opened energetically with Thomas Morley's capital madrigal, "Fire! fire! my heart!" This is full of fire and heartiness, and should be gazed at with "anxious polyscopy" by our modern composers of glee, madrigal, part song, and catch, who have, for the most part, little of the vigorous stuff that belonged to their predecessors by more than two centuries and a half. Alas! that it should be so! Morley's piece went famously, and deserved twice the applause it obtained. Miss Macirone has written both cleverer and more genuine things than her part song, "Sir Knight, Sir Knight, oh! whither, away." The words of this, by the way, are arrant nonsense, and involve a shameful tribute to highway murder, rapine, and burglary. The knight who kills the unoffending "Margrave" ("Margrave" of Naples!), takes his affianced wife, and seizes his goods and chattels, should, in poetical justice, have been hung—gallows being meet for his detestable deeds than the hand of a fair lady—who, for the matter of that, could hardly have been much less unscrupulous than himself. This, too, was encored; as was Mr. Henry Leslie's glee,

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard; |
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in ev'ry whispered word,
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music in the lonely ear"—

(invested, like the glee of Mr. Hatton, with the more imposing title of "part-song") which, by Miss Fosbroke, Madame Clara West, Messrs. Regaldi and G. F. Marler, was infinitely better sung than the other. A similar compliment was bestowed upon Dowland's delicious madrigal, "Come again, sweet love" (here again is a lesson for composers of the actual day, read, too, by a musician who lived in the time of Elizabeth!); but, for reasons best known to himself, Mr. Leslie only repeated the second stanza. The last piece was another welcome specimen of Morley—the madrigal, "What saith my dainty darling," which is delightfully quaint, and eminently musical. Mr. H. Leslie conducted, as usual. There were also some pianoforte solos by Herr Wilhelm Coenen (from Holland), who, on an excellent "Kirkman," played Litolf's *Spintied* (a nanby-pamby *Spintied*), Chopin's heavy and pompous *Polonaise* in A flat, and an extraordinary (very) *fantasia* of his own composition, for the left hand alone, in which "The last rose" and "God save" are handled in an unexceptionably left-handed manner. Whether the audience found relief in the absence of Herr Coenen's right hand, or for what other reason, we are unable to guess; but, at all events, they applauded his left-hand *solos* much more vehemently than his right and left in conjunction, recalling him, moreover, at the end of his performance, which he had the modesty not to repeat.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At present we must be content merely to chronicle the fact of these admirable entertainments having been resumed on Monday last, at St. James's Hall, which was crowded by an appreciative audience. It was the 113th concert, and the programme was worthy to consort with its 112 predecessors. Hummel's Military Septet (in C)—given for the first time—opened the concert brilliantly. The players were MM. Hallé (piano), Sainton (violin), Pratten (flute), Lazarus (clarinet), Ward (trumpet), Piatti (violin-cello, and Severn (double-bass). Miss Banks then sang Glinka's "Lullaby" (in place of Madame Sainton—absent on account of indisposition), and Mr. Winn a sacred song by M. Gounod, entitled Nazareth, the first part ending with No. 2 of Beethoven's three sonatas dedicated to Haydn (Op. 2), performed by Mr. Hallé, who was encored in the scherzo. The second part began splendidly with Mendelssohn's Sonata for piano and violoncello (No. 1—in B flat)—executants M. Hallé and Signor Piatti; and terminated no less splendidly with Beethoven's fourth quartet (Op. 18—in C minor)—executants MM. Sainton, Watson, H. Webb, and Piatti. The intermediate songs were Mr. Macfarren's "Never forget" (Miss Banks), and "Now Phoebeus," from Arne's *Comus* (Mr. Winn). Mr. Benedict conducted.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. JOHN LODGE ELLERTON.

SIR.—In your translation notice of an English musician, but little known in this country—I mean Mr. J. L. Ellerton—I observe that the expression "Einfach Anmuthig" is rendered "Simply graceful." This rendering is scarcely correct. Anmuthig, from Anmuth, "charm," means literally *charminess*: *Einfach* in this instance should be rendered, "peculiar," the literal meaning being *Single*. I apprehend that passage in question should be rendered "peculiar charm." I fear, indeed, that "Simply graceful music" would have but little chance of finding favour with the majority of my countrymen.

Your obedient servant,

A HALM.

Dover, Jan 15.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—A concert was given on Wednesday evening by the Band of the St. George's Rifle Volunteers, assisted by the Vocal Association, and several professionals, among whom we may name Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Banks, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Winn, as vocalists, and Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Martin Lazare (pianoforte) instrumentalists. The "great sensation" of the evening, however, was achieved by an amateur, Lieut-Colonel Lindsay, who was overwhelmed with applause and encored in a cornet solo. Mr. Sims Reeves sang "O 'tis a glorious sight," and Mr. George Lake's popular ballad, "Summer is sweet," and a new loyal song, called "God Bless the Prince of Wales," music by Mr. Brinley Richards, words by Mr. George Linley, the last two were encored. We never heard Mr. Reeves give the scene from *Oberon* more finely, and to do justice to the volunteer audience they applauded him uproariously. We may dismiss the rest of the vocal performances with a word of strong praise for Mad. Lancia's "Bel reggio," which, we must say, surprised us, and for Miss Banks and Miss Lascelles in a duet by Paer. The Vocal Association, under Mr. Benedict's direction, recommended themselves in several part-songs. The conductors, besides Mr. Benedict, were Mr. Frank Mori, Mr. Harold Thomas, and Herr Wilhelm Ganz.

PANTOMIMES IN THE MORNING.—The comparatively novel custom of giving occasional morning performances of pantomimes at the various theatres having been found extremely convenient for persons who reside at a distance, or think early rest beneficial for their youthful offspring, is preserved this season. At Drury-lane and Covent-garden, the Wednesday in every week is selected for the morning performances; at the Princess's, Monday is the chosen day; at the Adelphi, the first morning performance will take place on Saturday next; and the same day is appointed at the Royal Westminster (Astley's). At all these theatres the hour of commencement is two o'clock.

PHILADELPHIA.—We have had *Dinorah* at our Theatre—*Dinorah* of the goats. *Dinorah* is a great work; but, like a fine picture, must be studied to be appreciated; one hearing does not suffice, as one glance is not enough for one of the masterworks of Michael Angelo or Murillo. Such music appeals to the head as well as to the heart. We learn to love, as we learn to understand it. An Italian, fresh from the languid enjoyment of the evenly flowing, melancholy platitudes of Bellini or Donizetti, finds, indeed, in *Dinorah* much that is strange to him, little that he can comprehend, and less that awakens a responsive sympathy in his own soul. He finds that this music is scarcely enjoyable with the little effort he is used to exert for the appreciation of the strains of his native composers. I do not wonder that many of our Americans,

though so cosmopolitan in their tastes, fail to find merit in *Dinorah* at a first hearing. It is rather a testimony to the abiding beauty of the music. I remember, that that New York public, which scarcely vouchsafed to applaud a note of this opera a week or so since, failed a few years before to appreciate a work of such superficial and evenescent beauty as *La Traviata*; and if there was no hope for the *Traviata* on its first representation, what chance, think you, could *Dinorah* stand upon a similar trial? But the love for such music grows with our acquaintance with it; it is only below a certain plane, that we need look for that contempt that is bred by familiarity. I am not bigot enough to deny Verdi a claim to an elevated position among composers; but I would respectfully refer him and the disciples of his school to this new opera, for the verification of a proposition, with the truth of which I fear they are not as familiar as they ought to be; namely, that an unlimited expenditure of brass and bass-drum is not indispensable to a complete dramatic effect. Here is *Dinorah* as "quiet" an opera as ever was written, and yet the dramatic effects, of their kind, are unsurpassed and unsurpassable. I think the critic of one of our dailies rather missed it, when he undertook to pronounce the *finale* to the second Act "tame and commonplace." I suppose that his ear has been spoiled to the degree that he was disappointed that the curtain did not fall to the almost inevitable accompaniment of a pandemonial uproar of brass, double-bass, kettle-drum and side-drum *fortissimo*. Thanks to Meyerbeer, that, herein, he has introduced a happy reform; and may this unwise critic live sufficiently long to see it. So much for *Dinorah*; our appreciation of it was greatly enhanced by the presence of the best, if not the largest, orchestra, that has been brought together within the walls of the Academy; but to which, indeed, the public, who are supposed to enjoy the opera at the price of 1 dol. 50 cents a seat, are certainly entitled.

To-night we have the *Sicilian Vespers*; and judging from the character and *calibre* of the artists who are to assist, I fear its success will not be so great as at its first representation two years since, with Colson, Brignoli, Ferri, and Junco.

Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, recently published in "*Dwight's*," is in rehearsal by the Handel and Haydn Society. This is not a first-class society, and as their performances are generally below the standard, it is safe to predict that this beautiful cantata, by the pupil of Mendelssohn,* will not receive that justice in their hands that it merits. We have never had an association of talent for the production of such works, of which we might be proud; unless I may except the "Harmonia," now, practically, defunct. The "Musical Fund," so happily satirized by a recent writer in *Dwight*, gives token, periodically, of a torpid existence by holding annual meetings, whereat officers are elected, committees appointed and reports read; but what is done for Art thereat, let some one relate who is more competent than your correspondent. I will be just, however, and give them all they deserve, the single credit of being the proprietors of a public hall, the best for acoustic properties in the world, say they that have seen and therefore know. This, to be sure, is something in behalf of Art; for what would become of the music, if we could not hear it? Of which question ponder the deep significance.—*Correspondence of Dwight's Journal of music.*

MERCURY.

The *American and Gazette* of Dec. 18th gives a flattering account of the *début* of Mlle. Guerrabella:—There was a very fair audience last evening at the Academy of music, to greet the first performance of the Grand Opera Company, which has been playing for some time past with so much success in New York and Brooklyn. The scene was fully as brilliant and inspiring as in the days when the Gazzaniga furore raged, and the Academy was its glory. The company is an excellent one in all respects, with a perfect superfluity of musical talent, enough, in fact, to carry on opera simultaneously in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The star of last evening, however, was Mlle. Guerrabella the *prima donna*, who made her *début* at Philadelphia as Violetta, in *La Traviata*. Madame Guerrabella has all that is requisite for a reigning operatic celebrity and favorite—youth, beauty, splendid voice, high culture, and exquisite taste. It is a long time since we have seen upon our stage any one who could vie with her in good looks, dignity, grace or ease of manner; and we do not exaggerate when we say that she is indeed the belle of the opera. It is not usual to find such a physique united to decided dramatic talent, superior voice and excellent cultivation; but such is the case with Mlle. Guerrabella. In the first act she gave evidence of having a cold, yet she got along bravely against it, and in the subsequent acts all trace of this embarrassment seemed to vanish, and she sang with such power and brilliancy as completely to overcome all doubts. Her voice has considerable compass, covering even some of those extreme low notes which were used by Gazzaniga with so much effect, but there is no effort to reach extraordinary effects by either very high or very low notes, the voice being so flexible as to give great pleasure in ornate passages of music. The charm of her performance is that there is no angularity about her style, no straining after applause, no vocal tricks.

* Sterndale Bennett was not a pupil of Mendelssohn.—Ed. M. W.

THE ENTERTAINMENTS.—The Gallery of Illustration has been reopened by Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed, and a new "domestic scene" by their present colleague, Mr. John Parry, follows Mr. Tom Taylor's *Family Legend*. In the art of using the piano and voice for the purposes of comical and characteristic description Mr. John Parry has never had a rival, though his fame as an "entertainer" was established for years before the late Mr. Albert Smith ever dreamed of ascending Mont Blanc or Mr. Woodin discovered the way to become twenty persons in a single minute. "Mrs. Roseleaf's little evening party" is decidedly one of the best things he has yet done, whether we consider the force and delicacy with which he depicts the various characters or the finish of his musical illustration. The hostess oppressively amiable, the host somewhat affectedly bluff and good-humoured, the "giddy creature" who is gushing with flippant nonsense, and the fop who talks blank inanity, rise before the imagination as visible beings, although Mr. Parry never changes his dress, or employs other accessories than a fan, a boquet, and a white handkerchief. A new comic song composed by Mr. Reed, and sung by Mrs. Reed in the attire of Keziah Wilcox, the maid servant, with all her wonted humour, is another addition to the entertainment. At the Egyptian Hall, where the entertainment is likewise of a strictly drawing-room kind, the *Invitations* of Mr. Edmund Yates have been readily accepted, and numerous audiences are attracted by the humour of his descriptions and the vocal and imitative talent of his associate, Mr. Harold Power. Another room in the same hall is occupied by Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, whose entertainment "On the Songs of Scotland" is one of the most recent novelties of the year. The "entertainers" above named substitute a morning for an evening performance on the Saturdays, but the Christy's Minstrels, at St. James's Hall, are evidently resolved to make the most of their time, and give morning performances on the Wednesdays and Saturdays, besides performing every evening in the week. The Polygraphic Hall is at present closed, Mr. Woodin being absent on a provincial tour.

THE BURNING OF THE PLYMOUTH THEATRE.—The damage caused by the fire is estimated at 5,500*l*. The grand entrance is one mass of ruins. But though the entrance, ladies' dressing-room, refreshment-room, and other rooms immediately connected are gone, the interior of the theatre remains to a large extent uninjured. The preservation of the building is to be ascribed to the good genius of Foulston, the architect. He designed an iron roof, which the trial has proved to be capable of bidding defiance to a conflagration. It is formed of hoop iron, arranged in a honeycomb form, and of surprising strength. Though the flames were on all sides it stood the test, and was mainly instrumental in stopping them from spreading. The seats in the gallery were destroyed, but here again the wrought iron girders did good service. Mr. Elliot, builder, directed the efforts of the enginemen in a manner which materially helped to avert further destruction. The upper and lower boxes are not injured, and the seats which were removed from the latter are nearly as good as ever. The pit and stalls only want cleaning to be again ready for occupants. It was at first supposed that the fire and water together had so damaged the scenes, and other stage properties had been so completely spoiled, that even if the theatre was repaired in time for performances during the present season, a reproduction of the Christmas pantomime would be impossible. Mr. Newcombe, however, will be able to afford the public an opportunity of seeing it in an incredibly short space of time. Indeed, he positively announced his intention of opening the theatre on Monday last—selecting, as having reference to the event and the unexpectedly fortunate sequel, *Sunshine through the Clouds*, for the opening piece.

WHY DID MARIO FAIL?—What was the meaning of Signor Mario's failure at the Grand Opera in Paris? There are failures, of course, of many kinds; that of the vocalist who can't sing, that of the vocalist who won't sing (this is very rare), and that of the vocalist who is not allowed to sing. Signor Mario's failure cannot be placed in the first category, nor altogether in the second, but partly in the second and principally in the third. In the first act of the *Huguenots* he is said to have sung admirably. In the second he pronounced some French word almost as incorrectly as the French when they sing at an Italian theatre habitually pronounce Italian. This excited the derision of the intelligent audience. The *génie essentiellement vaudevilliste des Français*—of which Victor Hugo, in one of his most celebrated prefaces, expressed a contempt which Balzac afterwards indorsed—had been appealed to. The witty Parisians thought it much more clever to ridicule the Italian tenor's bad pronunciation than to listen to his beautiful singing. Then Mario lost his temper, his nerve, and at the same time his voice. He was actually hissed at the end of the duet with Valentine, which he never sang in London without obtaining the most enthusiastic applause—from an audience which rarely applauds anything very much. Perhaps he had pronounced the French *tu* like the Italian *tu*, or perhaps, never have having been hissed before, and not liking it, he felt agitated and was really unable to sing. However that may have been, hissed he was; we mention it not as a disgrace to him

but to the French audience, who would probably have hissed Patti or any one else whom Italian audiences always applaud. "*Aussi que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"—when there is an Italian theatre in Paris, then the public is always eager to hear every phrase that falls from his lips? "I was always tolerably calm at a success as well as at a fiasco," said Rossini to Ferdinand Hiller one day, "and for this I have to thank an impression I received in my earliest youth, and which I shall never forget. Before my first operetta was brought out, I was present at the performance of a one act opera by Simon Mayer. Mayer was then the hero of the day, and had produced at Venice perhaps twenty operas with the greatest success. In spite of this, however, the public treated him, on the evening to which I refer, as if he had been some ignorant vagabond. You cannot imagine such a piece of grossness. I was really astounded. 'Is it thus you reward a man who, for so many years, has given you enjoyment? Can you dare to take such a liberty because you have paid two or three paoli for admittance? If that be the case, it's not worth while to take your judgment to heart,' thought I, and I have always acted in conformity with that opinion." Mario should do the same.—*Barbagriggia*.

NAPLES.—Mdlle. Titiens' first essay on any Italian stage has been eminently successful. She appeared at the San Carlo, on Thursday, the 6th, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and created a "*furor*." She was recalled after each act with acclamations. Mdlle. Titiens herself, however, was by no means satisfied. The company is wretched, the arrangements are bad, and in short the theatre, once the most renowned as well as the largest in south Italy, has dwindled in character, if not dimensions, to a fourth class opera house. How different from the palmy days of the San Carlo when Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Fodor, and Brambilla appeared in an opera written expressly for them by Rossini, and Rossini himself conducted! Mdlle. Ristori appeared on Monday the 3rd instant, at the Fondo, in *Elisabetta dell' Inghilterra*, and was received with enthusiasm. I must add a line to say that *Masaniello*, the most Neapolitan of operas, although writ by a Frank, was heard for the first time in Naples on the 19th of December last. Signor Amandi was the Fisherman. To those who have seen Auber's masterpiece in London and Paris, the general performance, including the *Mise-en-scène*, was mediocre. The success, nevertheless, was decided.

MACCLESFIELD.—The *Macclesfield Courier* reports a concert of an interesting nature which took place last week at Alderley Park, the seat of Lord Stanley. We must allow our contemporary in this instance to speak for himself:—"On Wednesday a vocal and instrumental entertainment took place at Alderley Park, the seat of Lord Stanley, in which the members of his lordship's family took a distinguished part; the members of the singing class established among the tenantry, supported by several amateur singers and musicians in the neighbourhood, also joined. The concert was given in Tenants' Hall, which was beautifully adorned for the occasion by a display of choicely arranged festoons of laurel, and conspicuous among the many pretty floral devices was the family crest of the Stanleys, artistically wrought. Lord and Lady Stanley, the Countess of Airlie, Lady Blanche Ogilvie, the Rev. Dr. A. P. Stanley, Miss Stanley (cousin of Lord Stanley), and other members of his lordship's family, were among the party present, and the beautifully decorated room was thronged by the tenantry and their families. Many of the pieces were very effective, especially "O rest in the Lord" (sung by the Countess Airlie); solos, "Home, sweet home," and "Kathleen Mavourneen," by the Hon. Rosalind Stanley; duet, "Si la stanchezza," from *Il Trovatore*, (by the Countess Airlie and the Hon. Rosalind Stanley); the quartet "O, come every one that thirsteth," (sung by the Countess Airlie, Hon. Rosalind Stanley, Mr. Twiss and Mr. Grundy). In answer to a warm encore the Countess Airlie gave the ballad "Jeanette and Jeanot," and also added "The Bonnie House of Airlie." A pianoforte piece by Mrs. Vaughan; a duet on the piano by Mr. and Miss Twiss; duet by Ann Barber and Hannah Barber; and Weber's solo, "When the thorn is white," by Elizabeth Callwood, were likewise worthy of notice. The choruses were most creditably given, particularly "The Canadian Boat Song," (loudly encored) by the choir. The Hon. Rosalind Stanley accompanied the solos on the pianoforte, and Mr. Twiss, of Hartford, on the same instrument, supported the choral pieces. Mr. Grundy (bass) of Manchester, also took part. The concert-terminated with "Rule Britannia," and the National Anthem. A supply of refreshments from the hall was provided during the evening." The same journal has a long account of Miss H. Condon's concert, which took place on the same evening in the Town-hall. This seems to have been a spirited affair and entirely successful. The concert giver was assisted by Miss Armytage, Miss Bramley and Mr. Bradbury Turner (vocalists), Mr. Balsir Chatterton (harp), Mr. Radcliff (flute), and Mr. Richardson (cornet). Miss Condon is pianist and inger, as we learn from the *Macclesfield Journalist*, and excels in both accomplishments. The most pleasing part of the performance remains to be told. The proceeds of the concert, after defraying all expenses, are to be presented by Miss Condon to the Macclesfield Relief Fund.

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